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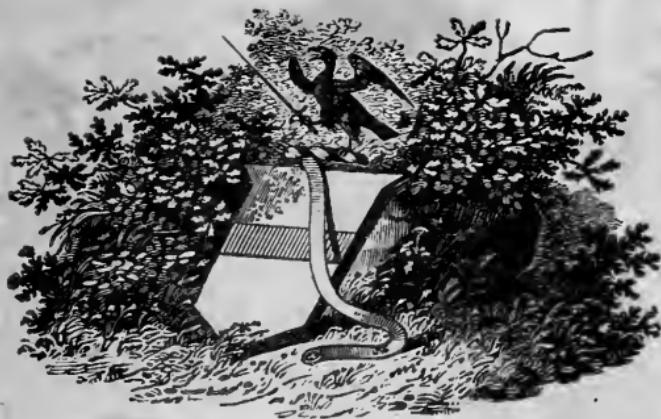
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*Robert Hindley, Junior.*



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Yours truly  
Edw<sup>2</sup> Cheshire.

# POSTHUMOUS SONGS,

ETC.,

OF THE LATE

E. CHESSHIRE, ESQ.

MANCHESTER:

WILMOT HENRY JONES, MARKET-STREET.

---

MDCCCXXXVII.



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It is a common practice in publishing to commence with a Preface, containing sundry apologies, appeals, excuses, &c. delicately interwoven with fictions to qualify the subsequent letter-press. Such is not the intention of the collector of these Songs, which were never intended for the public eye, nor unkind criticism.

The memory of Mr. CHESHIRE is deeply imprinted in the minds of a numerous eircle of valued friends, for whom the following were printed, as a humble tribnte of that esteem in which he was held while living, and in proof that, although no more, he is not forgotten.

*Salford, August, 1837.*

883310



THE  
PLEASURES OF FISHING.

---

I.

WHEN genial Spring returns  
Each Angler then is wishing  
To leave dull care at home,  
And longs to go a fishing.  
Mem'ry paints the scene  
Of joys so often tasted,  
Regrets the lapse of time,  
On Winter deem'd quite wasted.

## II.

Now Fancy lends her aid,  
Delightful thoughts inspire us,  
Anticipation warms;  
Hopes of success now fire us.  
Imagination views  
The prospects, which invite us  
In Monsal Dale once more,  
To scenes which much delight us.

## III.

Upon the Banks of Wye  
Once more behold the party,  
The Toms, and Bob, and Ned,\*  
Four brothers, true and hearty:  
Observe the busy ground,  
Important preparation;  
No statesmen more profound  
When studying for the nation.

\* Messrs. Marriot, Hardman, Hindley, and Author.

## IV.

The taper rod uncase,  
So pliant, light, and long, sir,  
Then firmly fix your wheel,  
To take the trout so strong, sir,  
Their flies they now display,  
To tempt a trout or grayling;  
A consultation's held,  
What colour's most prevailing.

## V.

Now Anglers try your skill,  
You're sure of charming sporting;  
The stream is all alive,  
The trout our flies are courting:  
Prepare the landing net,  
I soon shall bring him round, sir;  
I'm broke, what cursed luck!  
I'm sure he was two pound, sir.

## VI.

With science fraught, see Bob  
Select a murdering feather ;  
He dubs his flies so neat  
They kill all sorts of weather :  
So graceful moves his rod,  
The great piscator proving ;  
His line of twelve yards long  
In magic cireles moving.

## VII.

Ye Tyros in the art,  
Observe, admire, and wonder,  
Your skill 'twill much improve,  
Avoiding many a blunder :  
In three days sport its odds,  
Surprising luck prevailing,  
Friend Tom may take a trout,  
And Ned, perchance, one grayling.

## VIII.

In coursing some delight,  
The chase, too, has its joys, sir ;  
Some sport with dog and gun,  
Some to Newmarket lie, sir :  
We envy not such joys,  
With us they ne'er can vie, sir ;  
No pastime can compare  
With that of fishing, fly, sir.

## IX.

Old Greece and Rome, they say,  
In arts did far excel us ;  
In sculpture, Phidias ;  
In painting, great Apelles :  
Why, let them boast their skill,  
Fine arts ! 'twas all my eye, sir ;  
The ancients never knew  
The art of fishing fly, sir.

## X.

## Neptune and Amphitrite

Were Anglers fam'd in story,  
He bobb'd for sharks and whales,  
She tickl'd for John Dory ;  
But had their godships known  
The art of fishing fly, sir,  
Their palates they'd regaled  
With other fish to fry, sir.

## XI.

Bacchus boasts his bowl,  
His votaries they love sipping ;  
To Venus some resort,  
And seek delight in clipping :  
Such joys none will deny,  
But those are short, and cloy, sir,  
Compared with fishing fly  
Upon the Banks of Wye, sir.

## XII.

Our rods an emblem true  
Just like our tempers pliant ;  
Our flies resemble too,  
Our spirits light and buoyant :  
Good Bottoms all allow  
Through life's success to insure, sir ;  
The Moral's in the Stream,  
To keep our Conscience pure, sir.

## XIII.

In ale house snug we sit,  
Town's dainties now forsaken ;  
But air and exercise—  
Can relish eggs and bacon :  
No luscious wines we boast ;  
What then, while fish we slaughter  
Our ale is nectar brewed  
By the landlord's pretty daughter.

## XIV.

Then what are dukes or lords  
To us, while laughing, joking;  
Our cares are all dispersed  
In singing, quaffing, smoking;  
Our happiness complete  
Without a strife, or wrangle;  
Then, Master, let us drink  
“All Brothers of the Angle.”

THE  
JOLLY ANGLERS.

---

I.

'TWAS in the month of April gay,  
When trout begin to frisk and play,  
Four jolly anglers long'd to try, sirs,  
Their luck upon the lucid Wye, sirs.  
They all set out so blythe and gay—

Fal de ral, &c.

## II.

'Mongst these was Bob, with light full charg'd  
You'd swear a glow worm's rump he'd gorg'd :  
He had read Walton o'er and o'er, sir,  
And Cotton too, and many more, sir.  
This wight in skill surpass'd them all—

Fal de ral, &c.

## III.

Three tyros in the angling art  
Besought this master to impart  
His skill in various kinds of tackle,  
In dubbing neat, and whipping hackle,  
But, most of all, to cast the fly—

Tituni, titum, titum ti.

## IV.

And now we're met at Bakewell town,  
For trout so fine in great renown,  
We'll spend this night in song and chat, sir,  
Piscators' notes are never flat sir ;  
Then, Robin, give us something droll—

Fol de rol, &c.

## V.

Quoth Robin, "Sirs, I tell you true,  
" 'Tis a fact 'twixt me and you ;  
" I kill'd a grayling in the Wye, sir,  
" It weigh'd two pounds, or else I lie, sir.  
" This grayling weigh'd three pounds I say"—

Tol di rol.

## VI.

The wind is south, the morning grey,  
To Bakewell meadows haste away ;  
But first prepare your killing flies, sir,  
Reds, browns and duns, of various dyes, sir.  
Quoth Bob, “ this is a murdering fly”—

Titum, titum ti.

## VII.

And now each angler plies his skill,  
The trout so wary to beguile ;  
He casts his fly so light and nice, sir,  
And fills his pannier in a trice, sir,  
All but poor Ned ! alack a day !—

Fal de ral, &c.

## VIII.

Quoth Ned, “ I’ve whip’d two hours or more  
“ This Bakewell stream well o’er and o’er,  
“ Without one rise, as I’m a sinner—  
“ I think ’tis time to go to dinner ;  
“ If they’re not hungry, yet am I”—

Titum, titum ti.

## IX.

Says Thomas, “ Master, I declare  
“ Such luck would make a parson swear ;  
“ To come so far through thick and thin, sir,  
“ And neither taking fish nor fin, sir ;  
“ ’Gainst this I’ll back Bolton canal !”—

Fal de ral.

## X.

At night so meet the lads survey  
Their panniers fill'd with scaly prey :  
“ Come, hostess, pray, and dress that fish,  
(“ That trout’s a pound—a charming dish,)  
“ And cook it in your good old way,  
“ And don’t forget the sauce I pray.”—

Fal de ral, &c.

## XI.

A dun’s a monster, so’s a bum,  
When latitats and warrants come ;  
But now, in Monsal-dale, the dun, sir,  
Affords us charming sport and fun, sir ;  
The neat blue dun, that killing fly—

Titum, titum, ti.

## XII.

But let us not forget friend Bullock,\*  
A sportsman fair who ne'er does fullock ;  
All brothers of the angle, he, sir,  
Receives with hospitality, sir ;  
We'll drink his health, so pass the bowl—

Fal de ral.

## XIII.

Thus peaceful glides the angler's life,  
Nor envy knows, nor hateful strife ;  
No worldly cares his mind assail, sir,  
He finds content in Monsal-dale, sir,  
And gaily carols fal lal, lal,

Fal de ral, &c.

\* Refers to a Gentleman who had an estate upon the Wye, and accommodated his fishing friends at his house.

## XIV.

Though at our pastime folks may sneer,  
We'll not regard their gibe or jeer ;  
For men in science much renown'd, sir,  
Have trod the piscatorial ground, sir :  
In angling great delight had they—

Fal de ral.

## XV.

A man's a fish when ladies angle,  
Their eyes like flies our hearts entangle ;  
Their dubbing crisp lies you know where, sir,  
It suit's cock's hackle to a hair, sir,  
Red, Brown, and Black, and sometimes grey—

Fal de ral, &amp;c.

## XVI.

But let us not forget the moles,  
On Musgrove's neck which lay in shoals ;  
One, two, three, four, five, six, were they, sir,  
Like goldfish on the milky way, sir,  
Who would not fish there night and day ?

Fal de ral, &c.

THE  
MISERIES OF FLY FISHING.

---

I.

I HAD often heard of catching fish,  
With th' artificial fly,  
The rarest sport that e'er was known,  
Egad, thinks I, I'll try—  
So a fishing I would go.

II.

A wambling rod of four yards long,  
Just like our carter's whip,  
I thought should I but meet with trout,  
'Tis odds I make them skip,  
So a fishing, &c.

## III.

A little teagle then I bought,  
A line sixteen yards long,  
To hoist fish out o'th water,  
When so heavy and so strong.

And a fishing, &c.

## IV.

Behold me now then full equipt,  
With rod, and line, and flies ;  
My griefs you'll hear, for sport I'd none,  
Good faith I'll tell no lies,  
And a fishing, &c.

## V.

The wind blew strong, full in my teeth,  
I could not reach o'er th' brook ;  
And then I found my flies and guts,  
Were gather'd all in a ruck.

And a fishing, &c.

## VI.

It cost me half an hour and more  
To right this ruffled geer,  
Once more I whip'd, and with a crack,  
My flies flew God knows where.

And a fishing, &c.

## VII.

With heavy heart and aching arm,  
I whip't from morn till night,  
Without one rise, at last I'm told  
My colours were not right.

And a fishing, &c.

## VIII.

Another brood of flies I bought,  
And then I chang'd my plan,  
Thinks I, I'm now so cunning grown,  
I'll please 'em if I can,

And a fishing, &c.

## IX.

Alack a day ! a fisher's time  
Is never in the nick ;  
To-day the water is too bright,  
To-morrow, 'tis too thick.

And a fishing, &c.

## X.

To-day the sun is blazing hot,  
Next, colder than we wish ;  
Thinks I, the time is never right  
When folks do come to fish.

And a fishing, &c.

## XI.

But still determin'd to have sport,  
I hook'd—ah, woe is me !—  
A grayling, perhaps ; 'twas no such thing—  
By the mass, I'd hook'd a tree !

And a fishing, &c.

## XII.

A bull I heard, with fearful roar,  
I did not like his look ;  
I could not leap o'er th' edge, not I,  
So I jumpt into th' brook !

And a fishing, &c.

## XIII.

By chance a little trout I hook'd,  
Thinks I, now for a dish ;  
My lad, he blundered, broke my line,  
And away went flies and fish !

And a fishing, &c.

## XIV.

While I was busy catching fish,  
A bear set up a yell ;  
Thinks I, 'tis time for me to be off,  
Or I shall be catch'd mysel.

And a fishing, &c.

## XV.

Sometimes I'm up to th' knees i'th' mud,  
Beside being wet to th' skin,  
And after fishing three long days,  
The sport had to begin.

And a fishing, &c.

## XVI.

I fish'd at Bakewell (Monsal-dale),  
At Buxton I did dib ;  
I might as well have stay'd at home,  
And fish'd i'th' river Tib.

And a fishing, &c.

## XVII.

To Wales I went—a hundred miles,  
It cost me many a pound ;  
I caught a little fish called lack,  
Some fifty to the pound.

And a fishing, &c.

## XVIII.

The miseries of fishing fly  
I've now recounted o'er,  
But if I do but once get home,  
By the mass, I'll fish no more !

And a fishing, &c.

The incidents mentioned in this song actually occurred.

## B O T T O M F I S H E R S .

---

THREE angler's good,  
In fishing mood,  
With scheme well plan'd  
Their tackle man'd.

They fishing go  
Miles sixty two ;  
At Ellesmere stop,  
County of Shrop.  
Cold windy weather  
Heed not a feather ;

Plac'd in a punt,  
At both ends blunt ;  
Tied to a stake,  
On mere or lake :  
The clouds low'ring,  
Rain falls pouring ;  
Float keep eyeing,  
No bite !—sighing—  
Constant watching,  
No fish catching ;  
Another show'r,  
Which lasts an hour ;  
Drench'd to the skin,  
Thro' wool, thro' tin,  
Don't care a pin,

{

Sit two hours more :—  
Their luck deplore,

Says Keeper Dick,  
“ The fish are sick ;  
“ After much rain,  
“ Ne’er bite ’tis plain.”  
Now patience flags  
These fishing wags ;  
These sons of Job,  
Ned, Jem, and Bob,  
“ Let’s draw a cork,  
This is dry work,  
The Porter’s fine,  
’Tis time to dine ;  
Hand out the bread  
And cheese, good Ned.  
By Jove ! a bite,  
We’ll stop all night.”  
Nought but the boat  
Disturb’d the float !

With heavy heart  
Prepare to part ;  
All in the dumps  
They quit the stumps ;  
And from the grove  
Begin to move.  
Their panniers light,  
Nay—empty quite ;  
With many a sigh  
They homeward hie ;  
With many a grunt  
They quit the punt.

THE  
LAWYER'S SONG.

---

I.

You have often heard songs on the chace,  
On beauty, and ladies so gaudy ;  
On tippling Anacreon sung,  
And Rochester's verses were bawdy.

## II.

Now let us the Muses invite,  
A novel assignment to draw ;  
To turn special pleaders to night,  
And tip us a stave upon law :

## III.

Hail Blackstone, on right and on wrong,  
Hail Coke, an authority grave ;  
Old Jacob, a word or two long,  
And Comyn's digest every stave.

## IV.

Let all the Reporters unite  
In chorus to join in the lay ;  
To prove all mankind in despite,  
Are lawyers a bit in their way.

## V.

Our Sovereign Lord George, the king,  
In law is a great wholesale dealer ;  
In latitat's, writs, and such things,  
Of which the attorney's retailer.

## VI.

The merchant's a lawyer in grain ;  
The lex mercatoria preaches,  
In quantum valebat declares,  
And his customer oft overreaches.

## VII.

The debtor's a dabbler too,  
When capias and alias assail ;  
Damns both Richard Roe and John Doe ;  
And then gives the sheriff leg-bail.

## VIII.

In wigs too, the ladies you see,  
When arriv'd at the age of sixteen ;  
They study the law with great glee,  
The *lex naturalis* I mean.

## IX.

Vi et armis, the lover maintains,  
A forcible entry takes place ;  
To chambers she lies and retains  
Serjeant \*\*\*\*\* to open her case.

MANCHESTER

FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

---

I.

You have heard of brave Manchester town,  
Once famous for smallwares and checks ;  
Cotton dealers turn'd, now they run down  
To Liverpool ; breaking their necks.  
There stood an old building of stone,  
As big as a country church,  
Grammar school it was call'd by the town,  
And fam'd for Greek, Latin, and birch.  
Fol de rol. &c.

## II.

Many lads from all parts in those days,  
Both sons of mechanics, and gentry ;  
Who had heard of old Lawson's great praise  
In the classics here made their first entry.  
'Mongst the rest, as a Manchester lad,  
I was taught the eight parts of speech ;  
What my caput refus'd to contain,  
Harry Jackson whip't into my breech.

Fol de rol, &c,

## III.

My propria quæ maribus, then  
Stern Jackson, severus virorum ;  
Drill'd in at all points with his cane,  
Till I roar'd for protection divorum !  
“ Pavi excipe pastum,” I felt  
As I pars'd ev'ry verb in quæ genus ;  
Argument Baculinum, he dealt  
Oh ! I fancy I feel it hactenus !  
Fol de rol, &c.

## IV.

Then we construed, and pars'd, sobb'd, and cried ;  
Cried, sobb'd, and we construed, and pars'd ;  
Latin books, which I ne'er could abide ;  
And encounter'd great Cæsar at last :  
When arriv'd at the banks of the Rhine,  
To construct a great bridge, then, Oh lud !  
Not a scholar could construe a line,  
And e'en Darby stuck fast in the mud !

Tol de rol, &c.

## V.

In Terence so gay we begun,  
In hopes to pass thro' it ridendo ;  
But Jackson soon spoil'd all our fun,  
Our laughter, to sorrow vertendo !  
Sub tegmine fagi, so cool,  
I fain would have left in the lurch ;  
The grey mare in the shape of a stool  
I mounted, sub tegmine *birch*.

Fol de rol, &c.

## VI.

To teach me Greek lingo they thought,  
 But soon I put in it my *πονησ*;  
 For Lawson's great wig soon found out,  
 I lack'd quantum suff—*νησος νησ*.  
 With Anacreon sure we were pleas'd,  
 When we sipp'd of his bowls and his glasses,  
 But Homer our heads almost craz'd  
 With his Πελυφλωτοι Θαλασσοι. . .  
 Fol de rol, &c.

## VII.

“Come, a stick to that boy,” was a call  
 From Lawson did often resound;  
 Timor occupat artus of all,  
 When he thunder'd “I'll whip 'e all round.”  
 'Tis true we had holiday's gay,  
 The saint's days the year all about;  
 And Thursday's and Saturday's play,  
 And Tuesday ofttimes with a shout.  
 Fol de rol, &c.

## VIII.

Once a year now we meet with great glee,  
Ovid ne'er metamorphosed idem ;  
From restraint both alike are quite free,  
The masters and scholars beside e'm ;  
Then magister, tip us your manus,  
Without either grammar or rule ;  
In bumpers of nectar bibamus,  
The Manchester free Grammar School.

Fol de rol, &c.

THE MANCHESTER  
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

---

I.

Good gentlefolks walk in I pray, to see our raree show—oh !  
We've monsters of all sorts and shapes, and sizes high and  
low—oh !

The wise men of this fam'd town have made this grand  
collection—oh !

II. •

At the bottom of these stairs stands the huge elephant—  
oh !

His trunk he used just as a Christian does his hand—oh !  
He could fire a pistol but was a bad shot, for he never  
kill'd his man—oh !

## III.

This phenomenon in nature is the Camelopard—oh !  
His stature measures upwards of a foot and three yards—  
oh !  
But tho' his head is plac'd so high, his feet they touch  
the ground—oh !

## IV.

The lion is call'd the king of beasts, for his courage and  
his strength—oh !  
His teeth and paws are like a cat's, but greater far in  
length—oh !  
Some people say that a living dog is better than a dead  
lion—oh !

## V.

The crocodile's amphibious, he lives on land and water—oh !  
His back is hard as iron, but his belly is somewhat softer  
—oh !  
To escape him, like a bailiff, you must sharply turn a  
corner—oh !

## VI.

Admire our mummy, such a thing is seldom seen—oh !  
Some thousand years ago, it was an Egyptian queen—  
oh !  
Tho' now 'tis dead, the learned think, that it was once  
alive—oh !

## VII.

This is the beauteous zebra, which charms the ladies  
all—oh !  
He's cloth'd like any beau, with coat, waistcoat, and  
smalls—oh !  
But he's not the only beau that's nothing but an ass—  
oh !

## VIII.

This grand collection is a credit to this town—oh !  
If you wish to be a member, your name I will put  
down—oh !  
And now you're a subscriber, I'll thank you for ten  
pounds—oh !

## A C R O S T I C.

---

F AIN would the enraptured muse attempt to trace,  
A nd sing the praises of her every grace ;  
N eatness, with dazzling elegance combined,  
N ative her wit, with an accomplish'd mind,  
Y outh, sense, and beauty, all happily are join'd. } }

C harms such as these must ev'ry heart ensnare ;  
L ist one word more, for when this charming fair  
A ttunes the lay, and strikes the quivering lyre,  
Y our captive soul entranced is all on fire !

## L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO TWO LADIES WHO CHALLENGED THE AUTHOR  
TO GIVE THEM A SALUTE.

---

WHEN Apollo pursued the fair Daphne so coy,  
She fled at full speed from the amorous boy ;  
Tho' he flatter'd her charms, prais'd her form, and her face,  
In a tree she evaded his eager embrace,  
Thus a god in full speed not ONE could subdue,  
Whilst I in a corner have captured two !  
For the nymphs I pursue are not quite so icy,  
And triumphant I sing *veni, vidi, vici*.  
Your challenge ye fair, no brave man can refuse ;  
I'll throw down the gauntlet whenever you choose.

## A VALENTINE.

### I.

THE rose which paints Maria's cheek  
She, sighing, cries—grows faint :—  
This horrid town ! in but a week,  
I fade—'twould vex a saint,

### II.

To-morrow is St. Valentine,  
Maria, whilst you're mellow ;  
Your lovely snowy arms entwine,  
About some honest fellow.

## III.

The tender ivy ill betides,  
Unless some prop is nigh ;  
But clinging round the oak's firm sides,  
It rears its branches high.

## IV.

To-morrow is the annual day  
When nature 'gins to smile ;  
Pray take advice, and don't say nay—  
Besides—'tis Bissextile !

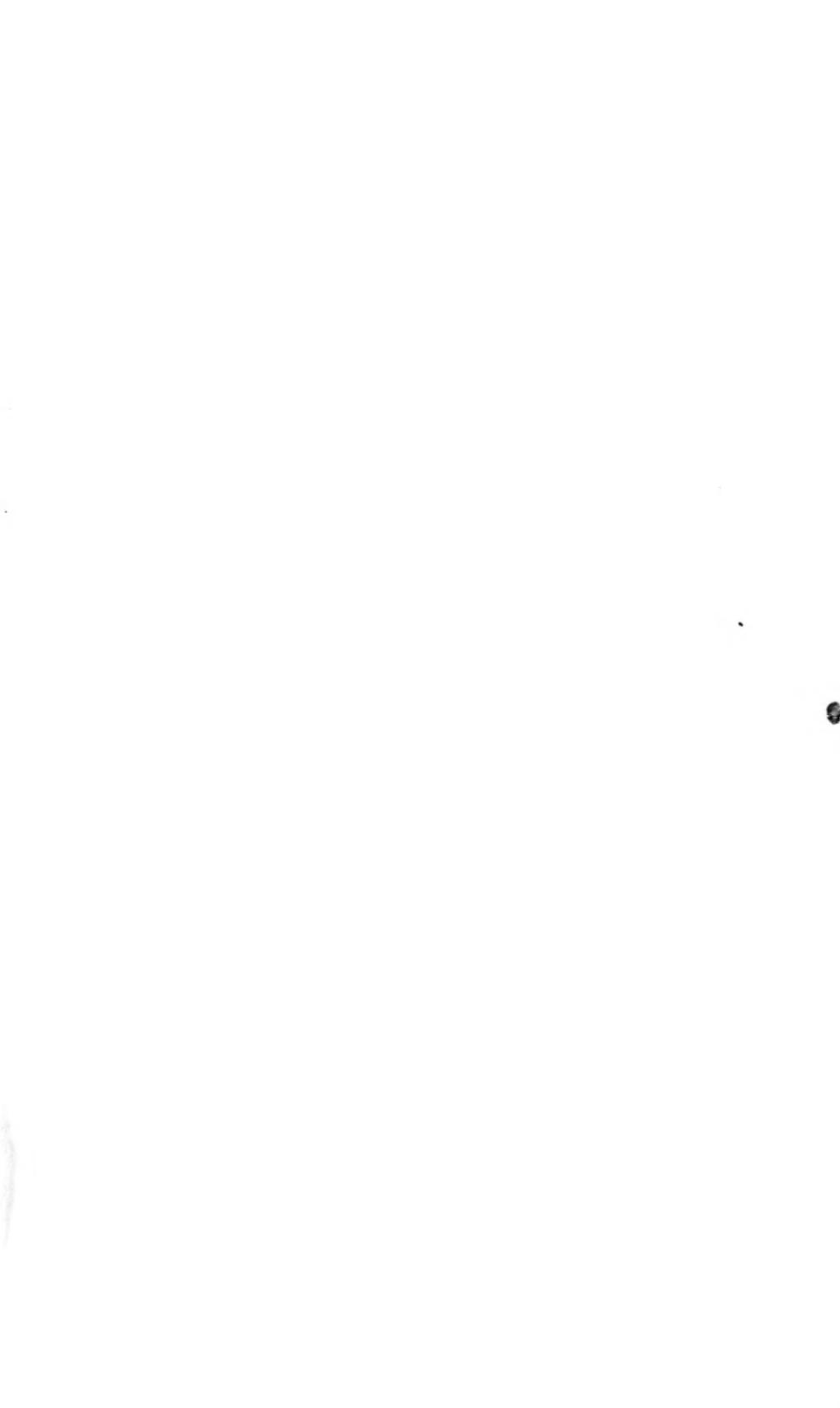
## V.

Then throw those gentle eyes around,  
Among your sparks—'tis flat,  
A truer fellow won't be found  
Than honest Latitat.

---

W. H. JONES, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

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